THE TIMES DAILY SERIAL STORY

The Grand Babylon Hotel

(Copyright, The Frank A. Munsey Company.)

The strange goings on in a big London hostelry, which changes hands in rapid transit fashion, characteristic of the American millionaire who comes into possession of it and its mysteries.

Synopsis of Chapters Aiready Published

Not long after Theodore Racksole purchased the Grand Babylon Hotel in London, Reginald Dimmock, uncle of the Grand Duke of Posen, was murdered and his body mysteriously disappeared. When Mr. Racksole dismissed Jules, the head watter, on suspicion, Miss Spencer, the desk clerk, left, too. Through a whim, desk clerk, left, too. Through a whim,

don, Reginald Dimmock, uncle of the Grand Duke of Posen, was murdered and his body mysteriously disappeared. When Mr. Racksole dismissed Jules, the head waker, on suspicion, Miss Spencer, the desk clerk, left, too. Through a whim, his daughter took her place.

Nella discovered, a few days later, Miss Spencer in the hotel, wearing the disguise of a baroness, and followed her to Ostend, where she made her confess that Jules was really Tom Jackson, her husband. Nella lost her advantage, however, and falls into the clutches of Jackson and his wife, and is delivered from their hands by Prince Aribert.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Racksole found the body of Dimmock in his hotel in possession of Rocco, the chef. When Prince Aribert, Nella, and Racksole were reunited they continued their investigations together. One of the first clues was the discovery of an actress with whom Eugen had become entangled, and the overhearing of a significant conversation between the actress and Miss Spencer.

In Which Many Things Happen. UGEN!" Prince Aribert called

name the young man in the cellar feebly raised his head, and stared

He was dressed in a dark tweed trav-cling suit, and Racksole observed that one sleeve, the left, was torn across the upper part of the cuff, and that there were stains of dirt on the left shoulder. A soiled linen collar, which had jost all its starch and was belief to the collar. upper part of the cuff, and that there were stains of dirt on the left shoulder. A soiled linen collar, which had lost all its starch and was half unbuttoned, partially encircled the captive's neck; his brown boots were unlaced; a cap, a handkerchief, a portion of a watch chain, and a few gold coins lay on the floor.

Racksole flashed the lantern into the corners of the cellar, but he could discover no other farmiture except the chair on which the hereditary Prince of Posen sat, and a small deal table on which were a plate and a cup.

"Eugen!" cried Prince Aribert once more; but this time his fortone was no sign of a key, and it there was

which were a problem of the problem

shove ground looked at each other hesi-Each knew that they must enter that rellar and get Prince Eugen out of it, and each was somehow afraid to take the next step. "Thank God, he is not dead!" said

"He may be worse than dead," Rack-

"He may be worse than dead." Rackpole replied.

"Worse than— What do you mean?"

"I mean—he may be mad."

"Come," Aribert almost shouted, with a sudden access of energy, a wild impulse for action; and, snatching the lantern from Racksole, he rushed into the dark room where they had heard the conversation of Miss Spencer and the lady in the red hat.

For a moment Racksole did not stir from the threshold of the window.

"Come," Prince Aribert repeated, and there was an imperious command in his recape." said Aribert gently.

"We are here to get you out of this scrape," said Aribert gently.

"We are here to get you out of this scrape," said Aribert gently.

For a moment Racksole did not stir from the threshold of the window.

"Come," Prince Aribert repeated, and there was an imperious command in his atterance. "What are you afraid of?"

"I don't know," said Racksole, feeling stupid and queer. 'I don't know."

Then he marched heavily after Prince Aribert into the room.

The come and have support. Fuger "don't was an 'American, to whom we dowe a great and 'Come and have support. Fuger "don't was an 'American, to whom we dowe a great and 'Come and have support. Fuger "don't was an 'American, to whom we dowe a great and 'Come and have support. Fuger "don't was an 'American, to whom we dowe a great and 'Come and have support. Fuger "don't was a support was a suppor

Aribert into the room.
On the mantelpiece were a couple of candles which had been blown out, and in a mechanical, unthinking way Rack-sole lighted them, and the two men glanced around the room. It presented no peculiar features; it was just an ordirather shabby, with an ugly wall paper and ugly pictures in ugly frames.

Demand for Mahogany
Makes Wood a Luxu Thrown over a chair was a man's vening dress jacket. The door was evening dress jacket. The door was closed. Prince Aribert turned the knob.

but he could not open it.
"It's locked," he said. "Evidently

door and it opened.
"I told you it wasn't locked," he added, and this small success of opening the door seemed to steady the man.
It was a curious psychological effect,
this terrorizing (for it amounted to that) of two courageous, full-grown men by the mere apparition of a helpless crea-ture in a cellar. Gradually they both

recovered from it. The next moment they were out in The next moment they were out in the passage which led to the front door of the house. This door stood open. They looked into the street, up and down, but there was not a soul in sight. The street, lighted by three gas lamps only, seemed strangely sinister and

"She has gone—that's clear," said Racksole, meaning the woman with the 'And Miss Spencer after her, do you " questioned Aribert.
She would stay. She would never dare to leave. Let us find the cellar steps."

The cellar steps were happily not dif-

ficult to discover, for in moving a pace backward. Prince Aribert had a narrow escape from precipitating himself to the

bottom of them.

The lantern showed that they were in a curve. Silently Racksole resumed possession of the lantern and went first, the Prince close behind him.

At the foot was a short passage, and in this passage crouched the figure of a woman. Her eyes threw back the rays of the leaver chiral like a curve at

of the lantern, shining like a cat's at midnight. Then, as the men went near-er, they saw that it was Miss Spencer

who barred their way.

She seemed half to kneel on the stone floor, and in one hand she held what at first glance appeared to be a dagger, but which proved to be nothing more romantic than a rather long bread

'I heard you, I heard you!" she ex-aimed. "Get back. You mustn't come There was a desperate and dangerous look on her face, and her form shook with scarcely controlled passionate en-

"Now, see here, Miss Spencer," Rack-

sole said calmly. "I guess we've had enough of this fandango. You'd better get up and clear out, or we'll just have to drag you off."

He went calmly up to her, the lantern in his hand. Without another word she struck the knife into his arm, and the lantern fell artinguished.

Have When Trave

lantern fell, extinguished.
Racksole gave a cry, rather of angry surprise than of pain, and retreated a few steps. In the darkness they could still perceive the glint of her eyes.

"I told you you mustn't come here,"
the woman said. "Now get back."
Racksole positively laughed; it was a
queer laugh; but he laughed, and he
could not help it.
The idea of this woman, this bureau
clerk, stopping his progress and that of
Prince Aribert by means of a bread
knife aroused his sense of humor.
He struck a match, relighted the candle, and faced Miss Spencer once more.
"I'll do it again," she said, with a
note of hard resolve.

note of hard resolve.

"Oh, no, you won't my girl," said Racksole, and he pulled out his revolver, cocked it, and raised his hand.
"Put down that plaything of yours,"

he said firmly.
"No," she answered.
"I shall shoot."
She pressed her lips together.
"I shall shoot," he repeated. " "Onetwo-three."
Bang! Bang! He had fired twice,

bang: Bang: Durposely missing her.
Miss Spencer never blanched. Rackble was fremendously surprised, and

As a matter of fact, pluck was just what she had not, really. She had merely subordinated one terror to another. other.
She was desperately afraid of Rack-sole's revolver, but she was much more

"Why won't you let us pass?"
"I daren't," she said, with a plaintive tremor. "Tom put me in charge."
That was all. The men could see tears running down her poor, wrinkled Theodore Racksole began to take of

Theodore Racksole began to take off his light overcoat.

"I see I must take my coat off to you," he said, and he almost smiled. Then, with a quick movement, he threw the coat over Miss Spencer's head and flew at her, seizing both her arms, while Prince Aribert assisted. Her struggles ceased; she was beaten. "That's all right," said Racksole. "I tould never have used that revolver—to mean business with it, of course."

They carried her, unresisting, upstairs and on the upper floor, where they locked her in a bedroom. She lay on the bed as if exhausted.

"Now for my poor Eugen," said Prince Aribert.

cellar feebly raised his head, and stared up at the grating which separated him from his two rescuers. But his features showed no recognition.

He gazed in an aimless, vague, silly manner for a few seconds, his eyes blinking under the glare of the lantern, and then his head slowly drooped again the land of the lantern and then his head slowly drooped again.

"Now for my poor Eugen," said Prince Aribert.
"Don't you fink we'd better search the house first?" Racksole suggested. "It will be safer to know just how we stand. We can't afford any ambushes or things of that kind, you know."

The prince agreed, and they searched the house from top to bettom, but

er?" Racksole asked sharply.
"Through the grating," she answered.
Both men shuddered. They felt she
was speaking the truth. For the third

There was a pause, and the two men Aribert. "Now!"

There was a crack.
"Again!" said Prince Aritert.
There was another crack, and then
the upper hinge gave way. The rest was easy.

Over the wreck of the door they en-tered Prince Eugen's prison.

The captive still sat on his chair. The captive still sat on his chair.
The terrific noise and bustle of breaking down the door seemed not to have
aroused him from his lethargy, but
when Prince Aribert speke to him, in
German, he looked at his uncle.
"Will you not come with us, Eugen?" said Prince Aribert. "You
readn't stay here any longer you

Come and have supper, Eugen. A Continuation of This Story Will Be Found In Tomorrow's Issue of The Times.

Makes Wood a Luxury

Old mahogany has been for many "Nonsense," said Racksole brusquely, "Nonsense," said Racksole brusquely, "How can they know?" And, taking hold of the knob, he violently shook the finish and furniture. It has frequently tinued for several months. carried as far socially as a coat of arms or an octavo genealogy; but nw the distressing intelligence is sent forth by the government scientists that what is represented to be mahogany is in a majority of cases really something else, because the demand for it, like that for Mocha and Java coffee, is largely in excess of the supply. Thus there are annually used in the United States about 40,000,000 feet of so-called mahogany, while the annual cut of the genuine article is only 18,000. 000, and we can hardly get all of that The masquerade wood is known to the trade as "Columbian mahogany" be-cause it comes from Columbia, and in grain and color resembles the simonpure to an extent that is calculated to deecive all but the extremely expert though there is as little relationship between them as between oak and maple What is worse, the substitute is not only not manogany, but actually belongs to the monkey pod family of woods.
Could anything be more humiliating
than to invite a friend to come and
stretch his legs under your monkey pod
table?—Boston Transcript.

Raw Cotton Padding Saves Embroidery Time

Where heavy padding is desired under embroidery, try using little wads of raw cotton instead of filling in the padded space with many, many stitches

of darning thread.

To pad a scallop catch up a bit of raw cotton in your fingers and roll it between the thumb and forefinger until it is the length of the scallop, thick in the center, but tapering to a mere thread at each end. Lay this on the scallop and with a few stitches catch to the material. Embroider over it in the usual way.

Flowers have their petals padded by making little cushion-like wads of cot-ton and catching them down to the material, well inside of the working line, with ordinary sewing cotton.

Coin dots and ribbon designs are

Have When Traveling

Small sized paper bags such as one receives from the grocery and which your grocer will sell fresh in small quantity ore a most useful thing to have in the leather traveling bag when making any long journey by rail or boat. A fresh one is pinned every day in the stateroom, where it will be easily reached, and in it are dropped all the troublesome litter which is apt to collect in traveling.

troublesome litter which is apt to col-lect in traveling.

For combings, burnt matnhes, scraps of paper, even fruit pits and such things, it is an efficient catch-all. Each morning the bag is twisted up and is removed by the stewardess.

Owing to the crowded space, even a thoroughly neat person linds it harder to be orderly in a stateroom and this simple hint will be found to help out.

LOCAL MENTION.

Beginning Monday, Sept. 11th, Harvey's Restarant will be open from 7 a.m.

Oysters, Md. Quick, 610 oth, 1008 Pa. ave

Commandant of Marine Corps and Wife Return From Trip in White Mountains

Lieut. Commander and Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler Mrs. Bennett Take Apartments.

The Commandant of the Marine Corps and Mrs. William P. Biddle have returned to the Marine Marracks from Waumbeck in the White mountains where they spent the summer.

Lieutenant Commander and Mrs. Ernest L. Bennett, U. S. N., who have recently been ordered to Washington, have taken an apartment at the Far-

Paymaster and Mrs. Walter B. Izard, Paymaster and Mrs. Walter B. Izard, brating the tenth anniversary of their U. S. N., who have been the guests of Commander and Mrs. Johnston, on the the most attractive matrons in the

Maj. and Mrs. T. C. Treadwell, U. S. A., are spending a few weeks of the early autumn at Bretton Woods N., H.

John A. McIlhenney Takes Sixteenth Street House.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. McIlhenney, who last year occupied the house at 1833 M street, have leased the house, 2030 Sixteenth street, for the coming

Dr. and Mrs. W. Sinclair Bowen entertained a small company informally at dinner Saturday evening at the Chevy Chase Club.

To Return to Apartment, Mrs. Frederick Wesson, Chase Club.

Mrs. George C. Dean, who came to Washington to attend the wedding of her niece, Miss Ruth Haiford, to Lieut. Walter B. Woodson, U. S. N., Saturday, has returned to her home at Lawrence Park, Bronxville, N. Y.

Miss Edna Scott Smith, who spent the last month with her parents at their cottage at Rye Beach, N. H., has returned to Washington. Miss Marie Ray, who is now a mem-ber of a house panty in Massachusetts, will return to Washington the first of

Mrs. Julian James, who spent the last several weeks visiting on the North Shore, has returned to Washington and opened her house on Twentieth street for the winter.

Entertain Informally

Mr. and Mrs. George Y. Wheeler en tertained informally at tea at the Chevy Chase Club yesterday afternoon, having as their principal guests Mrs. A. J. Halford, and Mrs. Frank Halford, wife of Captain Halford, U. S. M. C.

Mrs. Frank Halford, who came to Washington for the wedding on Saturday of Miss Ruth Halford, her husband's sister, to Lieut. Walter B. Woodson, U. S. N., will return to New York this afternoon, and September 29 will sail for Panama to join Captain Halford, who is now stationed there.

Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler are today celeyounger married set, was Miss Eliza-beth Ellison Kennedy, of Pittsburg.

Date Is Set for Miss Gottlieb's Marriage.

Tuesday, September 28, is the date selected for the marriage of Miss Virginia Gottlieb, daughter of Mrs. Gottlieb, to Thomas Billups Hudgin. The ceremony will take place in the evening at the home of the sister of the bride-elect, Mrs. Emerson Waldo Matthews. Only a small family party will attend on account of mourning in Mr. Hudgin's family.

Mrs. Wesson

Mrs. Frederick Wesson, who spent the summer in Chevy Chase with her son-in-law and daughter, Paymaster Stawart E. Barber, U. S. N., and Mrs. Barber, will return to her apartment in the Highlands the first of October.

Miss Burns and William H. Power Wed. The marriage of Miss Madelon Burns

and William H. Power took place this morning at 11 o'clock in the pastor's study of the First Presbyterian Church, the pastor, the Rev. Donald Campbell MacLeod officiating. Only a small party of relatives and intimate friends were present at the ceremony, and immediately afterward Mr. and Mrs. Power left for a bridal trip to Atlantic City. Sulphur They will reside in Washington upon their return to the city after October, 1. R street.

German Secretary and Mme. Albert Kienlin Lease Home.

The Second Secretary of the German Embassy and Mme. Albert Klenlin have taken the house 1717 Massachusetts avenue for three years, which is the length of time they expect to be stationed The house is the property of Mrs. S. Lawrence Heap, wife of Pay Inspector Heap, U. S. N., and is known as the Bloomer house. It was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. James Garfield during their residence in Washington.

Senator Taylor Returns From Tennessee.

Senator Robert L. Taylor has returned to Washington from Tennes where he spent the last week. He and Mrs. Taylor will close their apartment in Stoneleigh Court the latter part of this month and go to the mountains of Tennessee for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Roberdeau Buchanar who spent the summer at Blue Ridge Summit, have returned to Washington and opened their residence on Q street for the winter.

Dr. and Mrs. B. L. Hardin, who have spent the season at Saranac Inn, Upper Saranac Lake, N. Y., will return to Washington Thursday.

Dr. William M. Sprigg, of the West-moreland, has returned to Washington for a few days from Bayhead, N. J., where he and Mrs. Sprigg have spent the seasen. They will come back to Washington the lust of the month,

Miss Edith Chiles, daughter of Mrs. Harriet M. Chiles, has returned to Washington arter touring in France. Washington after spending the summer

Mr. and Mrs. Barrington Moore have taken the house at 1822 for the season and will take possession shortly, upon the return of Mrs. Moore from Newport, where she has been spending the sum-mer with her mother, Mrs. Lewis Cass Ledyard, of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. J. William Henry and Miss Anita Henry, who have been spending the summer at the White Sulphur Springs, have returned to

Everybody's Question Box-Answers to Oueries

I want to know the general opinion of "Spiritualism?" I've been told it is altogether a fake. I am much interested in the subject, and would be grateful for any interesting your many first the work. subject, and would give upon it. Your formation you may give upon it. Your

The "Psychical Research Society" have done much in recent years to favorably confirm the possibility of the Spiritistic theory. They have recorded data and experiments with a Mrs. Piper, a Boston medium, which but if there are a favored few to whom has convinced some members that you would like to send a card, I am Spiritualism is no fake. But the subject is still open to scientific skepticism and investigation. The early history of the movement has been so af-fected by fraud that intelligent people hesitate to give the subject any serious consideration.

Times Inquiry Department: Vaucaire's treatment to reduce And greatly oblige, MAF MARGARET.

Use this pomade every night: Aristol, 2 grammes; white vaseline, 20 grammes; essence of peppermint, drops. Then use compresses wet with years almost a synonym for sumptu-ousness in our dwellings or in business of !ead, 30 grammes; distilled water,

Will you be so kind as to give me some facts regarding the Marine Band?: About the number of its members: If they come under the army regulations; if it is possible to be a member of the band and not enlisted in the army? Thanking you, I am. Yours, M. S. S.

There are sixty-eight in the Marine Band, and the members have to enlist in the marine service for four years. Times Inquiry Department:

Will your kindly publish in the Inquiry Column the proper way to address a card which is to be sent in a box of flowers to the captain of a battalion, and also what would be a suitable birthday present for a young boy of eighteen? Yours respectfully, A. C. R.

It all depends on the sentiment you wish to express. If it is the anniversary of his birthday you might send your congratulations for a happy birthday. If he is sick you might send your sympathy. It it is simply a gift with no particular significance attached to it other spoomful of whole peppers and allspice, and the sum of this time, and the side of this time, warm the mushrooms, mash them to a pulp, and strain through coarse netting, squeezing out all the juice. Boil this for ten minutes and measure. To every pint of liquor this warm the substraint through coarse netting, squeezing out all the juice. Boil this squeezing out all the juice and the sum of this time, and the sum of the sum o pathy. It it is simply a gift with no particular significance attached to it other than personal sentiment, you can put anything you like on the card. It all delay leaf, and a dash of paprika. Put liquor and spices over the fire, and boil until thick. Strain, cool, and fill bottles are the cassum. Seal tightly. boy would be some good book, a leather desk set, a college pennant, or a good poster to put in his room,

Times Inquiry Department: Kindly publish in the Inquiry Column how many Lincoln pennies were made with the letters "V. D. B." on them, and oblige, Yours truly, W. M. A. There were over twenty-three millions

Times Inquiry Department: Would you please publish in the paper if a girl can get married in Baltimore at the age of sixteen without her parents' consent? Thanking you for your answer, I remain.

A CONSTANT READER.

You cannot get married in Baltimore at the age of sixteen without your pa-

Times Inquiry Department: Please tell me what will take dye out of clothes? A brown sock got into my wash tub and the dye came out and colored some of the white clothes. Hoping for an early reply, I remain,

ANXIOUS. The color may be rendered white by

the use of zinc gray. To apply reduce to a fine powder 100 grains of zinc gray with fifty grains of mucilage. Then mix with this twenty grains of solution of hyposulphate of soda. Apply this mixture to the goods. Then wash the clothes with water slightly acidulated with hydrochloric acid.

It Pays to Come from Any Distance Pa. Ave. and 8th St S. E

Times Inquiry Department: Is there any value to a half dollar dated 1847? Yours truly, M. A. C.

There is no value on this coin,

Is it proper for a young girl to send postals to young men in the town where she visited in the summer? FRIO. I should not advise you to send post cards promiscrously to the young men in the town you visited in the summer.

sure it would be perfectly proper. Times Inquiry Department: Will you tell me if the following coins have any value: A silver baif dollar dated 1856; a Canadian quarter, 1874; silver dimes dated 1857, 1842, 1848; a 3-cent piece dated 1855; and a copper 2-cent piece, 1871? Thank-ing you, I am, Respectfully.

Times Inquiry Department:

Will you kindly tell me as soon as possible at what time on Sunday mass is said at the Holy Trinity Church, on Thirty-sixth street, Georgetown? Thanking you in ad-

Respectfully, Mrs. R. H. J. Times Inquiry Department:

Please tell me if it is proper for a young ady to visit a Chinese restaurant accompanied with or without a gentleman? A SUBSCRIBER. It is most emphatically not proper for a young lady to go to a Chinese res-taurant unaccompanied. She should be

escorted by a gentleman. Times Inquiry Department:

Sponge the hat with gasolene and your hat will look almost as good as new.

Times Inquiry Department: Will you kindly publish a recipe for making mushroom catsup, and oblige, A. C. E. Break into quarters firm, fresh mushrooms. Put a layer of the broken mushrooms into an earthen vessel and sprinkle with salt; then put in more mushrooms and more salt until all are used. Cover the vessel and set it on the cellar floor for three days, stirring the contents with a wooden spoon three times a day. At the end of this time,

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THE WINDSOR

Will you tell me what is the proper tim for a girl of sixteen to come in when her parents won't allow her to go out with company; and also please tell me the best cure for corns. Thanking you, I am, A.M.R.G.

Ten o'clock is a very good hour for a girl of your age to return home; however, it is a question your parents can best decide for you. The following is a very good corn cure; Salisylic acid 1 dram, and collodium, 1/2 ounce. Paint over the corn once a day and scrape away the superfluous growth at the end of three or four days.

street, Georgetown? Thanking you in advance, I am, Yours truly, E. W. The 3-cent piece is valued from 15 to Mass is said at 7, 8. 9, and 10 o'clock Sunday mornings at Church, Georgetown.

Times Inquiry Department: Will you kindly fell me if there is any way I can gain five pounds in a month? I weigh 140 pounds, and I have to weigh 145 pounds in order to obtain a Government position. Respectfully yours, R. D. If possible, the best thing to do would be to go away to the mountains or seashore for a few weeks. As a rule people gain rapidly in such places. The I have a dark blue felt hat which has become rather faded and shabby from last winter's wear. Is there anything I can do that will brighten it up? Thanking you in might perhaps help you. Cereals, nuts, advance, I am.

Yours truly.

DORATHEA W. milk, and soups. These foods are tissue builders, but vegetables and fruit may also be eaten as desired. The chief thing is not to overeat as then the digestion goes and with it the few pounds

of extra weight,

Would you be kind enough to arrange a menu for me, in which saur kraut would be a prominent dish? Also advise me at what hour to give it. Thanking you in advance for this courtesy, I am, very truly yours, E. M. R.

The following would be a very good menu for what you desire: First have raw oysters served on the half shell, After this course have cream of celery salad and for dessert have apple souffle. After this course serve coffee. Six o'clock is a good hour to have your

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reception hall,

3, 5, and 4 rooms and bath.

mother had to be buried, and there was and perhaps abusing him.

Lon harnessed Dick into the wagon and drove to the village. stopped at the undertaker's.

when his grandmother died.

"My grandmother died last night." he said, "will you come out to the house and bury her? I have no money and I want to keep the house if I can, but I want to keep the house if I can, but it will pay you in two years, or you can take the house then! that is the best I can offer you. Will you come?"

The undertaker had known Lon ever since he was born, and he told him he would go with him.

After the funeral Lon looked around the house. It needed renaiting He had

the house. It needed repairing. He had often tried to have it done while his grandmother was living, but she would not consent for fear they could not pay

for it.

But Lon had a plan in his mind and he was determined to try it. "If I can get through the winter," he said, "I am sure I can make a living after

that."
And one day Dick was harnessed again and Lon drove to the village carpenter shop. "I have no money," he told the carpenter, "but I want some lumber and I want you to help me repair my house. I can pay you in two take the house then; that is the best I do. Will you take the job?"

It was coming cold weather and there was little work, so the carpenter

consented to do the work.

Then Lon got enough hay and grain to carry Dick through the winter on the same two-year promise.

How Lon got through that winter he did not like to remember in after years. He lived on the vegetables he had been able to save from the garden and he did not suffer from cold because he had plenty of wood, but he had little to eat besides the vegetables.

He worked on the house with the carpenter and in the spring he painted it himself. His garden he planted early, and it yielded him a good crop.

I will do it now you have suggested it. The night of the dance Lon called for the inght of the dance and the yellow sleigh lined with brown, and old Dick threw up his head proudly and tinkled the new bells that hung around his neck.

Lon felt awkward at first when he found himself in the hall and saw the others dancing, but Celia kept her promise and she made him go through the proudly and tinkled the new bells that hung around his neck.

Lon felt awkward at first when he found himself in the hall and saw the others dancing, but Celia with brown, and old Dick threw up his head proudly and tinkled the new bells that hung around his neck.

Lon felt awkward at first when he found himself in the hall and saw the others dancing. it himself. His garden he planted early, and it yielded him a good crop.

Old Dick paid for the comfort he had through the winter by carrying the vegetables to the summer people who lived along the road some miles out of the village.

The received for his vegetables of the other young men who always liked to dance with Celia.

"Lon Furt looked pretty spruce to-night, didn't he?" said one after the dance.

"He ought to," replied another, "he had the prettiest girl in the hall all the evening."

The prices Lon received for his vege-tables paid the undertaker before the summer was half over, and he was also able to pay something on the carpen-ter's bill, as well as to the man who had supplied Dick with his winter food. Lon saved a little to care for himself and Dick through the winter, and the carpenter took him to help on inside carpenter took him to help on inside work as often as he could, so that by spring Lon had paid his debt to the car-

penter in work.

That sprinz he planted a large garden and bought a cow, promising to pay for it at the end of the summer. with his vegetables and milk. Lon made good profits, and at the end of the seasch he had enough to carry him through the winter comfertably.

But he went to work with the carpot been for you."

gave his wife the largest share of the credit. "It was the new sleigh and the new suit that gave me a start with the village folks," he would say, "and I never should have had either if it had not been for you." the seasch he had enough to bary.

through the winter comfertably.

But he went to work with the carpenter again and he also studied nights, for now he did not have to go to bed nic."

never should nave nad enough not been for you."

Tomorrow's story: "The Fairles' Picnic."

FOR LITTLE FOLK JUST BEFORE BEDTIME

The Sandman's Stories

LONZO BURT, or Lon, as he was | Ore night the young men in the vilcalled, was fifteen years old lage were talking over a dance to be when his grandmother died.

when his grandmother died.

His father and mother died before he could remember, and as he did not have a living relative, there was nothing to do but to live on in the little old house alone.

His grandmother had been poor, and they sold vegetables in the summer, but in the winter it had been very hard sometimes to get food enough for themselves and the old horse Dick.

Lon had a great deal on his shoulders for a little boy, for his grand
DROVE TO THE TO TH

in her mother's pantry.
"No," replied Lon. "I do not know how to dance." "Oh, come along," said Celia, "I will teach you. I am sure you can dance as well as the other boys; none of them dance very well. I went to dancing school in the city one year.

will you let me teach you?"
"I am afraid my clothes do not look good enough to wear to a dance," said Lon.
"Well, get a new suit," persisted Cella, "you must have money saved by this time." "I have," replied Lon, with a tone of pride in his voice, "but I have not bought any clothes because I never go anywhere to need them." not bought any clothes because I never go anywhere to need them."
"You need them now, said Cella."Go to the village tonight and get them and come to the dance."
"I will," said Lon, "If you will go with me, but you will have to go in an old-fashioned sleigh and Dick does not travel very fast."

travel very fast."

"I just love that old sleigh of yours," said Celia. "Why don't you paint it yellow and line it with a nice shade en brown cloth? You could do it yourself, you are so handy," she added, looking at him out of the corner of her eyes. "I never thought of it," said Lon, "better the corner of the corner of her eyes."



Lon's sleigh attracted a great deal of attention in the village that winter, and a visitor offered him a good sum for it, but Celia said "no," and as she was going to Lon's little home to live the

but Cella said "no," and as she was going to Lon's little home to live the next spring he listened to her advice and kept the sleigh played an important part in our courtship." she told Lon, "and besides that you do not need the money and we want a stylish sleigh as well as anyone." Lon became one of the leading men of the village, but he always gave his wife the largest share of the credit. "It was the new sleigh and the

Few Women Realize the Awkwardness of Peet

The down-town lunch rooms afford a field of observation to the guest blessed starch keep it from sticking. A little with "the seeing eye." It is a pity in the water when boiling clothes women do not oftener realize, for one helps to remove soil. thing, how plainly their feet show under the small tables to all who sit at some little distance. The average woman sits all unconscicusly, with her feet twisted about the rounds of the chair, or with one foot resting clumsily upon the other. The majority of female feet have an awkward and unattractive appearance

from the rear.
There are a few women, of course who, whether from careful forethought or instinctively, cross their feet prettily on the floor, and allow them to remain so quietly during the entire meal. I doesn't matter how smart the shoes were at the time of their purchase, if they have run-down heels now or lack polishing one gets no credit for what they once were. Padly soiled white they once were. Padly soiled white footwear looms up conspicuously to the eye of the acute observer-watching that table a little way off.

soup. Then have cream of celery table a nation way on.

It cannot be pretended that to sit with one's feet in an awkward position is a grave mislemeanor, but the woman who desires to be as beautiful and graceful as possible gives a little thought as to what she is doing with her pedal extremities in the dining room. A little care, and even some rehearsing before the glass, is well worth while.

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Useful Hints for The Busy Housewife

A few drops of kerosene in the If cold water is poured through a smoky chimney all the black will quickly disappear; the chimney should

then be polished with a soft cloth. If a few drops of water are added to the fat and the frying pan covered, eggs will not become tough.

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